



LIBRARY OF HEAVEN'S PATH

C860: Clash of Demonic Tunists



Chapter 860: Clash of Demonic Tunists

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"Musician Bai?" Sensing the excited atmosphere in the room, Zhang Xuan turned to Yu Fei-er with a questioning look.

"Musician Bai is a demonic tunist whom my father specially invited as a guest to our royal palace. It is said that her proficiency has already reached 6-star pinnacle, and her playing resonates deeply with one's soul. Ordinarily, only esteemed envoys of the empire have the honor of hearing her play," Yu Fei-er replied with an agitated look.

As a 6-star demonic tunist, Musician Bai's standing in society was generally lower than her apothecary and blacksmith peers. However, the set of skills she possessed made her more desirable in royal palaces and the manors of nobility.

For one, having such a talented musician in one's home could better reflect their high standing. On top of that, Musician Bai's playing had the effect of nurturing one's soul if one were to listen to it frequently.

"It seems like she is a performance-type demonic tunist," Zhang Xuan noted.

Demonic tunists could be divided into two main categories—offensive and performance.

Take School Head Jiang Qingqin for example, as a master teacher, he shouldered the responsibility of protecting mankind and warding against the Otherworldly Demonic Tribe. Naturally, his field of specialty for his demonic tunes focused on the offensive aspect. His playing could rattle the souls of his enemies, rendering them powerless.

On the other hand, performance-type demonic tunists aimed to elevate their level of playing for non-offensive purposes. Their playing tended to possess some kind of benefit to those listening to it, and even ordinary humans could enjoy their music.

Otherwise, if all demonic tunists were to leave behind a field of feathers each time they played, just like Zhang Xuan, those envoys in Hongyuan Empire would probably rush back to their empires and incite a war between both countries after listening to the playing.

For those gathered in this main hall to be excited at the opportunity to listen to Musician Bai's playing, it went without saying that she was a performance-type demonic tunist, whose playing could sooth and pleasure one.

Seeing that his daughter was still acting so intimately around that Zhang shi, Yu Shenqing said in displeasure, "Fei-er, come over!"

"Yes, Father!" Nodding, Yu Fei-er stood up and took the seat beneath her father's.

A short moment later, the old eunuch, Luo Fu, returned with a beautiful, white-robed lady behind him.

Her appearance might pale in comparison to Yu Fei-er and Luo Qiqi, but her face was still one that few could tear their gazes away from.

"Demonic Tunist Bai Xuan pays respect to Your Majesty, Sixth Princess, and the fellow young talents here!"

Upon stepping into the main hall, Musician Bai immediately bowed deeply and greeted everyone present. Her voice was melodious, reminiscent of a zither, leaving a numbing sensation in one's heart.

"Not bad!" Zhang Xuan nodded in approval.

To be able to evoke the melody of a zither through her voice and not harm anyone despite playing a demonic tune, she did have some skills.

"Musician Bai, there is no need to stand on ceremony. Today is my daughter's birthday, so I would like to request a song from you to celebrate this joyous occasion!" Yu Shenqing said with a smile.

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Musician Bai nodded.

Sitting by the side, she flicked her wrist, and a zither materialized before her.

Upon seeing her zither, an excited commotion broke out amid the crowd.

"This must be Musician Bai's Feathered Eagle Zither!"

"Legend has it that Musician Bai's tamed beast, Green-tailed Eagle, died in the midst of trying to save her. In gratitude to her tamed beast, she forged a zither out of its feathers and even composed a song in remembrance of it. It is said that the melody harnesses the heart wrenching sorrow she experienced upon its death, and it can evoke the same emotions in the listeners as well!"

"I have heard of this before, too! It's said that on the day she finished composing the song, countless divine cranes wept in sadness. It was after that incident that Musician Bai's reputation spread far and wide. Countless experts in the capital considered it an honor to have heard her playing then!"

"I didn't think that His Majesty would invite her over for Princess Yu Fei-er's birthday. I will be able to brag about this matter for the next three days when I return!"

"Three days? This is sufficient for me to brag for the next three months!"

...

Everyone could hardly keep their exhilaration in check.

Offensive-type demonic tunists usually only displayed their prowess in battle, so they tended to be less famous. On the other hand, performance-type demonic tunist could easily win the hearts of others through their euphonious music, thus granting them widespread fame.

Hearing the discussion of the crowd, Musician Bai chuckled lightly before placing her slender fingers on the zither and plucking on a string slightly.

Trringg!

It was an extremely deep sound that seemed as if it had come from the ancient past, and it reverberated right within their souls.

Zhang Xuan's eyes immediately lit up.

As a skilled demonic tunist himself, he could easily tell whether the other party was truly skilled or not. While Musician Bai's level of playing might be slightly beneath that of School Head Jiang's, she had embarked on a completely different path than him. Zhang Xuan couldn't help but anticipate what was going to come.

Triinnnggg tangg!

Under the light touch of Musician Bai, melodious music drifted from the zither. In the blink of an eye, the crowd found themselves standing before a vast plain. Countless birds were chirping harmoniously in the surroundings, and the aroma of flowers wafted in the air. It was a pleasurable sensation.

Unknowingly, everyone began to close their eyes to feel the music with their hearts.

Even Shen Jun had his eyes shut, immersed in the world carved out by the music.

An occupation that had been passed down through the ages, even if it was a Lower Nine Paths occupation, should never be underestimated.

Even a seemingly powerless painter, upon reaching the zenith, could bring out a fearsome army of millions at the tip of their brush, leaving powerful cultivators in despair.

...

Seeing that she had captured everyone within her music, Musician Bai chuckled softly before turning her sights to Zhang Xuan.

Before entering, she had already received the emperor's edict to test this young man.

Tring tang, trriiing tannngg!

There was an abrupt twist in the tune.

It was still a euphonic melody to the ears of others, but beneath this exterior, a powerful surge of soul energy was creeping swiftly toward a certain target.

Zhang Xuan was listening to the music carefully, trying to identify the main differences between a performance-type music and an offensive-type music, when his soul abruptly jolted.

An offensive edge had suddenly emerged amid the music to assault his soul.

How brazen!

Zhang Xuan swiftly dispelled the attack with his soul energy before directing a sharp gaze to Musician Bai to assess her.

As a 7-star demonic tunist, he could tell that the previous assault was an intentional act from her.

But... this was the first time the two of them had met, so there shouldn't be any grudges between them. Why would the other party attack him?

Could it be that... she knew that he was the succeeding principal of the Master Teacher Academy and she was trying to assassinate him?

I can't discount this possibility. Too many people have told me that Hongyuan Empire isn't as peaceful as it seems, and even the elders of the Master Teacher Academy have

chosen to conceal my identity until the inauguration ceremony in order to protect me as well... Perhaps, danger is closer to me than I thought! Zhang Xuan thought grimly.

Luo Ruoxin had told him one of the pathways between the Master Teacher Continent and the other worlds lay in Hongyuan City, and the Otherworldly Demons could exploit it to invade this land. The main purpose for the existence of the Master Teacher Academy was to keep a lookout on the passageway.

Besides that, the powerful Wu Yangzi being captured by Otherworldly Demons and Hu Yaoyao concealing her own lineage... All of these events simply pointed to treacherous currents lying beneath the surface of Hongyuan City. It seemed there were many unspeakable secrets hidden in the depths of this place.

Musician Bai might be a respected figure in Hongyuan City, but to assault him abruptly in the midst of her performance, there was no doubt that she was up to no good!

Humph! You might stand a chance if you fight me directly, but to attempt to deal with me through demonic tunes... you have just sealed your own doom! Zhang Xuan's eyes turned cold.

He was only an Ethereal Treading realm primary stage cultivator at the moment, so if the other party had fought him in a normal battle, unless he were to bring out the Byzantium Helios Beast to fight in his stead, he would be utterly crushed. But... of all things, the other party had chosen to launch her attack through demonic tunes. She was courting her own death!

Even the powerful School Head Jiang has acknowledged me as his teacher! Yet, a performance-type demonic tunist like you dared to provoke me... You must really be tired of living!

Zhang Xuan slowly closed his eyes, acting as if he was immersed in the music like everyone else. However, his hands were moving elegantly to raise a wine gourd and wine cup before pouring the wine from the gourd into the cup slowly.

Swooshhhhhh!

It was a sound reminiscent of a stream flowing down the towering mountains or a river flowing through a peaceful valley. It wasn't too loud, but mixed amid the zither melody, it caused the other party's assault to dull.

"Hmm?"

Sensing that the sound was perfectly timed to interfere during the pauses of her melody, Musician Bai swiftly realized that she was facing a skilled demonic tunist. Her eyebrows shot up, and she abruptly changed her playing style.

Tring tang tring trang ting tring!

Her playing hastened.

In an instant, the listeners felt as if a huge cavalry troop was charging across the vast plain. Dust rose in the horizon of the trembling earth as dark ominous clouds began to set in.

Come at me!

Having guessed that she would respond in such a manner, Zhang Xuan chuckled softly. Placing the gourd and cup on the table, he picked up a chopstick with his right hand and tapped it lightly on the cup, gourd, and plates intermittently.

Ting!

Even though they were all ceramic, so the music sounded a little monotonous, due to the food and wine in the dishes, cup, and gourd, Zhang Xuan was able to play different tones.

Ting ting tang, ting ting tang!

Limited by the tools at hand, the music Zhang Xuan played wasn't as rich as the other party's melody. However, each tap he made coincidentally landed on the brief pause in between each note of the zither melody, thus causing her tempo to go into chaos.

If one were to compare the zither playing of a demonic tunist to ripples in a body of water, Zhang Xuan's every tap would be timed perfectly at each trough of the wave. Not only did he manage to interfere in the other party's playing through this, even her bodily functions, such as her breathing and her heartbeat, began moving to his rhythm.

Shit, the other party is a true expert!

It was at this instant that Musician Bai realized what kind of opponent she was facing, and her face paled in fear.

Despite the seemingly calm showdown, a clash of demonic tunes was actually incredibly dangerous. The slightest carelessness could cause one side to lose their cultivation or even die!

As the saying goes, 'it is the silent dog that bites'. The more elegant an occupation seemed to be, the more treacherous it usually was.

Taking master teachers for example, they sought to become role models and bring enlightenment to the world, a truly noble occupation. However, if one were to incur their wrath, they could become an unstoppable force that even the heavens would pale in fear before.

The same went for demonic tunists.

The fact that the other party could generate such power with just dining tools showed that the other party's comprehension of demonic tunes far exceeded hers, reaching a height she couldn't have imagined.

If it had been on any other occasion, she would surely have clasped her fist and admit defeat before fleeing as far away as she could. However, it seemed she had gone too far in provoking the other party, such that the other party was no longer willing to let her off. The intermittent taps had already harmonized perfectly with her zither music, and she could no longer stop the fight of her own accord anymore.

The moment her playing stopped, the momentum that had built up in the clash of their demonic tunes would come crashing down on her like a tsunami, and she could very well suffer a permanent impairment that would prevent her from playing another demonic tune in her life. In the worst-case scenario, her heart might even leap out of her throat, resulting in her immediate death.

Damn it!

Panicked, Musician Bai stood up and hastened her playing in an attempt to shake off the other party's intermittent taps. Due to her driving her zhenqi too fast, white smoke was puffing out of her head.

You want to go all out? Sure, I will grant your request!

Seeing the other party's playing getting even more intense, Zhang Xuan's eyes narrowed. He grabbed another chopstick with his left hand and began tapping it on the table.

Dong dong dong!

The table had been crafted out of a unique lumber that produced a deep and powerful note reminiscent of a drum.

Even though he had only added a chopstick to his offense, the prowess he could exert was increased by more than twofold.

Pu!

From the very start, Musician Bai was already struggling under Zhang Xuan's counterattack. Now that Zhang Xuan had abruptly raised the intensity of his offense, how could she possibly withstand it? Her face paled, and a mouthful of blood spurted from her mouth. Her body flew back and struck a stone pillar in the hall.

Attempting to retreat? Try it if you can!

With a forceful strike on the plate, Zhang Xuan produced a reverberating sound reminiscent of the chiming of a bell.

Pu!

As if someone had struck her squarely on her chest, Musician Bai felt the zhenqi in her body running amok, and she spurted another mouthful of blood. Under the immense impact, the pillar behind her reached the limits of its durability and collapsed, and dust fell from the ceiling.

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